

T H E

Country Parson's Folly:

Or, the Young

Dutch Woman of Westminster come off with Flying Colours:

To the Tune of *Folly, desperate Folly, &c.*



It is reported in the East,
A Schollar of late did dwell,
Who on young Maids did love to feast,
It pleased his humour well:
But coming to London, he chanc'd to adore
A pretty Dutch wench, which did pay his old score,
Now this was a plague, and the devil all o'er.
O Parson, delicate Parson,
How do you like the Town?

He came to a Dutch ordinary,
Where he the young frolic beheld,
And when her tempting charms he sec,
He was with a rapture fill'd:
She was of the birth and the breed of the Dutch,
He pull'd out his money altho' 'twas not much.
For why, he was eager and mad for a touch.
O Parson delicate Parson,
Why would you play the fool?

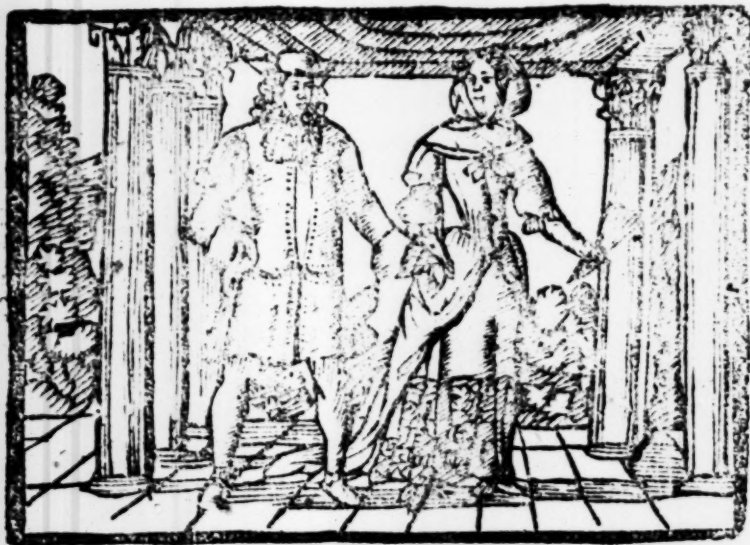
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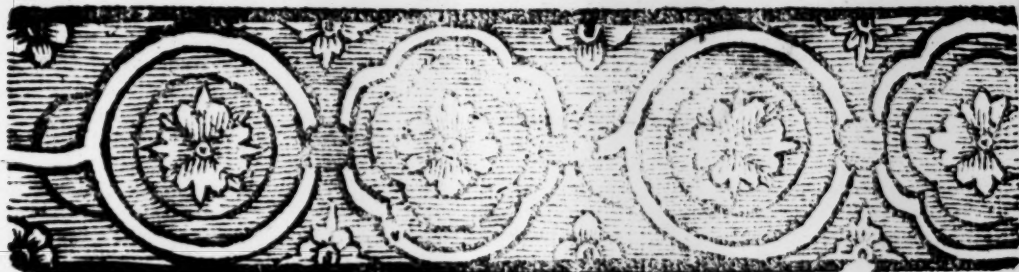
Dutch Woman of Westminster come off with Flying Colours:

To the Tune of Folly, desperate Folly, &c.



It is reported in the East,
A Schollar of late did dwell,
Who on young Maids did love to feast,
It pleased his humour well:
But coming to London, he chanc'd to adore
A pretty Dutch Boy, which did pay his old score,
Now this was a plague, and the devil all o'er.
O Parson, delicate Parson,
How do you like the Town?

He came to a Dutch ordinary,
Where he the young frolic beheld,
And when her tempting charms he sec,
He was with a rapture fill'd:
She was of the birth and the breed of the Dutch,
He pull'd out his money altho' 'twas not much.
For why, he was eager and mad for a touch.
O Parson delicate Parson,
Why would you play the fool?



Her countryman a marriage read

After the Dutch fashion too,
This done, 'tis said they went to bed,
Without any more to do,

He pitch'd on a subject was hard by the rump,
And into her pulpit he straitways did jump,
Where all the long night he her cushion did thump

O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He gave her money the next day,
to make her both neat and trim,
Silks, ribands, laces rich and gay,
in order to go with him

Down into the country where did reside,
For she was as sweet and as pleasant a bride,
As ever young gallant did lye by the side.

O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He many solemn vows did make,
When he did the money give,
That he his love wou'd never forsake,
while he had a day to live:

But yet, when his pocket began to be told,
Why then from his vows he was willing to go,
And likewise a scandal on her he did throw.

O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He having had his fill of her,
he call'd for his copy again,
Asking a pottle and strange demur,
resolving he would Arraign
This pretty sweet creature, his joy & delight,
Pretending she took it away by a slight,
Which loss was sufficient to ruine him quite.

O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you serve her so?

This pretty creature she was try'd,
for what she had never done,
This was ill treating of a bride,
but she has the conquest won:
For when in the court at the bar she appear'd,
And that the wife jurp the story had heard,
The scholar was flouted, the woman was clear'd.

O Parson, delicate Parson,
How did you like the Game?

In this you have not acted well,
alas, you are much to blame,
That such a man should kiss and tell,
O that is a burning shame;
If you had been wise, you had let her alone,
And then your grand folly had never been known,
But now far & near it is scatter'd and blown.

O Parson, delicate Parson,
Never do so no more.